Infinity

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Category: Halo
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2013-10-18 15:32:46
Updated: 2013-10-18 15:32:46
Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:33:40
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 670
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: One-shot. Infinity was his responsibility.

Infinity

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Like most of the stuff I'm post its old and unedited.

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><p>There wasn't a lot that terrified Andrew Del Rio. Born in 2501 on Coral, his family had a long history in the military. The Del Rio's were a family of leaders and conquerors, burdened with high tradition and the spoils of countless triumphs. When the Covenant invaded he took it in stride. To him, to his brother, father and mother the Covenant was just another obstacle for the Del Rio's to overcome. When Cole took the fight to the Covenant he was there to witness victory after victory. When the Covenant struck back he was there to witness defeat after defeat.<p>

Even after his father died at Union colony, after his mother was glassed by the Covenant while enjoying some R&R on Wunderland, even after his brother and the crew of the UNSC _Abbadon_ was declared MIA after three months, he wasn't afraid. Every one died at some point, it was a fact of life. Everyone had their time to live, to breathe and to exist before the flames of their existence were snuffed out. It was a fact he embraced.

After Cole died, everything changed.

The Hero of the UNSC was gone; the man that everyone looked up to was dead. Oh there were rumors that Cole had _abandoned_ the UNSC but he ignored those ridiculous claims. Cole was a hero, and heroes didn't run.

Andrew Del Rio wasn't a hero. He knew that. He was just an ordinary

man in extraordinary times.

But now the Covenant was defeated and the races that once hunted mankind were turning on each other. And for once, mankind wasn't on the run. When he saw the Infinity a year before the Covenant attacked Earth, when he saw the technology aboard her, he knew that Humaity's time was here. The Covenant were going to be defeated. It was inevitable. He never doubted it. He knew that Mankind was special, unique. He didn't know how or why but he _knew_. So when Earth emerged as the victor in the twenty-eight year long war, he knew that time had come at long last.

For too many years, humanity had been on the back foot. Reacting to threats rather than preventing them. The rest of the galaxy was bigger than Mankind. Stronger than Mankind. Humanity were mice, hiding in the shadows, hoping that the giants would not see them. No more.

Infinity was the future. Her SPARTAN-IV's were the apex of humanity's evolution. And once again the UNSC called on a Del Rio to lead them. Not a Cole, not a Hood or a Whitcomb. They called on a Del Rio after a century long hiatus.

"All engines! Reverse thrust!"

And he was afraid.

"Sir, we've lost Forerunner engines!"

"Then bring the fusion engines online!" He bellowed. "Lasky, get Engineering on the line and find out what the hell is happening!"

"Yes sir."

Del Rio knew he could always depend on Lasky. A gift from ONI's shadow dictator, a highly competent officer who knew his place in _Infinity_'s hierarchy. Clinging to a terminal, Del Rio turned around and watched as the Forerunner planet before him grew larger and larger. The opening on the planet's surface was glowing a brilliant white as _Infinity_was inexorably pulled towards it. "Where are my engines Lieutenant!" He demanded as _Infinity_began tilting.

"Sir, nothing responding!" Lieutenant Hawking answered. "I've lost-"

"Sir, gravity generators are failing all over the ship!" Lasky shouted.

No. No, no, no, no! "Do we still have communications?"

"Yes but I-"

"Bring up FLEETCOM Commander Lasky," Del Rio interrupted. He was not going to lose _Infinity_to some planet. This, was his ship._His_ship. The people, the Spartans, the vehicles, everything aboard her was _his_. His responsibility.

He'd rather fight an Elite than lose this ship to anyone.

End
file.